Volume LXIII CHICAGO, APRIL 22, 1909 Number 8

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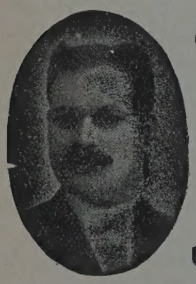

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1909 NUMBER 8

Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons goes right to the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withstand her, that held (he alone,
While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers) on a broad bust of stone
A year's snow bound about for a breastplate,—leaves grasp of the sheet?
Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously down to his feet,
And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet, your mountain of old,
With his rents, the successive bequeathings of ages untold—
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each furrow and scar
Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the tempest—all hail, there they are!
—Now again to be softened with verdure, again hold the nest
Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young to the green on its crest
For their food in the ardors of summer.

—*Robert Browning.*

Dana Estes, the Boston publisher, has just returned from a trip through the dark continent, anticipating ex-President Roosevelt's itinerary in many respects. Mr. Estes traveled without an arsenal and with no intent to kill, but with an open mind and effective camera, and the reading world will look eagerly for the full report of his "catch." The only high hunting is the bloodless hunt.

The charge of the impracticability of the ministry is antique. However given to dreaming the old parson may have been, the modern minister takes notice of things as they pass. A recent number of the *Springfield Republican* had a three-column article, elaborately illustrated, of a wonderful new potato, hybridized by a process of grafting, by Rev. A. M. Somers of Montague, Mass. The members of the Old Guard of the Western Unitarian Conference will remember the time when Mr. Somers was an active missionary of the faith within its boundaries.

The April number of the Meadville Theological School *Quarterly* lies before us. It is a catalogue number and sets forth clearly the purposes and methods of this school. Here are high themes to be handled by high names. The weakest thing within it is the list of students, which numbers but nineteen all told. This weakness is shared by nearly all the theological schools in the United States. It is a symptom of the times, not an arraignment of the schools. There is something out of joint with the times that divert the attention of the noblest young men and women from what, after all modifications, represents the noblest of callings; for, as it was, is now, and ever will be,—

"Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

"Charities" was manifestly an inadequate, misleading, and consequently damaging title for the live publication so ably edited by Edward T. Devine, General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society for the city of New York, Graham Taylor of the Chicago Commons, and their efficient corps of workers, so we are glad to greet the old paper with the new name of *"The Survey,"* with the explanatory sub-title of "Social, Sanitary and Civic." The new name is quite new and all the better because it only vaguely hints at its character. We have frequently called attention to the value of this paper and have been much indebted to it. In its enlarged form it becomes still more an efficient handbook to the preacher, a guide to the social worker, a warning and inspiration to the voter and the home-maker. We congratulate our exchange on its new name, enlarged appearance and high mission.

Happy is the Sunday-school that has a home-made ritual, although it may be poorer than many "boughten" ones, because back of that ritual there is some one or more who has weighed the words, felt their power, and is committed to the enforcement of the same. These words are inspired by a very modest little pamphlet of thirty-five pages containing fourteen services, with a few closing sentences, arranged by Alfred Free. This copy bears on its cover the words, "The Third Universalist Church, Springfield, Mass." The topics are fundamental,—religion, love, character, service, truth, duty, etc. The readings are noble,—free from cant and from repetitions. That the present writer approves other arrangements amounts to but little. The chief point in regard to all services is that they be impressively used and persistently reiterated. Herein lies the power of ritual, which for obvious pedagogical reasons is specially helpful if not absolutely needful to the child mind.

The recent attempt to nominate the judicial ballot for the city of Chicago, under the new primary law, proved an inane affair; it was a flat failure. Only a pitiable fraction of voters went to the polls, and those who did for the most part began at the top of the ticket and marked fourteen crosses downward on one ballot or the other, as their political preference might be republican or democratic. All this is not an arraignment of the primary law but of the impudence, if nothing worse, of the central committees of both parties who have tried to inject into the judicial election, which by state law was wisely segregated from political con-

siderations by putting it off by itself, the old party distinctions. The intelligent voter of Chicago, and that means the vast majority of voters, refused to be interested in this partisan ballot. He simply stayed away, knowing that at election day he would be at least free to choose his fourteen out of the lists prepared for him by the bosses of the old parties. There will doubtless be good and able men enough found on the tickets on election day to satisfy the discriminating voter, and in spite of, not on account of, the party captains, Chicago will continue to have a respectable judiciary. But the best of them will have the humiliating consciousness of owing their positions to party manipulators and partisan energy.

We gladly make room in another column for a communication from the Secretary of the United Brewers' Association, with headquarters in New York. The Secretary does us unmerited honor in transferring UNITY to Boston. We are sure that we speak for Mr. Crooker as well as for the whole of UNITY staff when we say that we would not willingly misrepresent any cause or interpret as foe any friend. Our readers need not to be assured that we would not undertake to settle this most modern of questions, the saloon question, by Biblical texts, written at a time and for a people far removed from our modern problem. We are glad to believe also that the Brewers' Association as well as the Model License League, whatever their connections may be, have in them many well meaning men, and that many of them are sincere believers in the innocence of their work, ideally interpreted, and the harmlessness of their beer "properly used." Our belief and contention is that the larger science and the accumulating evidences gathered by the economist and the sociologist go to prove that their business is not necessary to human welfare; that their product is injurious to the body, physical, municipal, and national, and in so far as the money interests and the rights and ambitions of capital are eliminated, an ever increasing number of people are beginning to think as we do; hence the phenomenal growth of the "Dry" territory. We hope the Brewers' Association and their friends will heed the signs of the times and get out of business before they lose their money. It is not the fanatic reformers, prohibitionists and their kind, but the spirit of the times, the verdict of science, the hard-headed common sense of business men that is undermining the business of the brewers and distillers of America, who have our sympathy. We oppose them because they are our brothers and because, as we see it, their higher interests demand the opposition.

In *The Survey* for April 17, under the head of "The Common Welfare," there is an enthusiastic account of the sweeping triumph of the Municipal Voters' League at the recent city election in Chicago. The writer, presumably Graham Taylor, himself one of the hardest, most persistent and noble workers in this noble band, pronounced it as probably "the most decisive victory yet achieved." Out of the thirty-one aldermen elected, twenty-three of them were candidates favored by the League, and only nine "decidedly disapproved." This is certainly encouraging. It is worthy of note that the alderman receiving the largest majority was Prof. Charles E. Merriam of the University of Chicago, a specialist on municipal governments. But there is a depressing side to this victory; it was won through, and not in defiance to, the fell power of the partisan leaders. It is a tribute to the power of the Municipal Voters' League that the bosses and the heelers had to respect their wishes and in the main put up decent men in order to secure their election. By this strategy on principle they still hope to hold their power. After fourteen years of campaigning on the part of the Municipal Voters' League it seems to be perhaps harder than ever to put an independent candidate successfully into the field, however urgent the case may be or noble the candidate. Mr. Sikes, the efficient Secretary of the League itself, was defeated at the primary of the party at whose hands he sought nomination, because the road of the independent was too doubtful and expensive for a wise man to walk therein. Not until some way is found by which independent candidates for municipal office can be put into nomination as efficiently, promptly and economically as the party candidates, can we hope for a real election and renovation on permanent lines of municipal governments. Perhaps that will come only when the commission plan which now obtains at Galveston and Des Moines triumphs.

The recent "Invasion" of the state legislature at Springfield by a delegation of several hundred women, in the interest of equal suffrage, was an event altogether creditable to the women and startling to such men as have been disposed to think of this movement as representing in fact only a "cranky minority consisting of dreamers or screechers." A special train from Chicago carried perhaps two hundred of the women whom everybody is compelled to honor; they were met by similar delegations from other parts of the state. The campaign was carefully planned and exceedingly well executed. At the prominent stations along the way the train stopped, and interested, respectful and thoughtful audiences were addressed from the rear end of the train. At the Capitol, where both houses were supposed to be congregated, twenty-three three-minute speeches were delivered, with Miss Jane Addams holding the gavel. They went through on schedule time. Nearly every phase of the problem was touched with promptness, ability and power, and all accounts agree that the speakers showed a high degree of ability, wisdom and tact, and all the listeners were compelled to listen, although, to their shame be it said, many of the legislators themselves were suddenly overwhelmed with a great press of business, and the day the women came seemed to be about the one

day in the long, leisurely session when there was a great deal doing on many other lines. Perhaps the direct gain was but slight. There is not much to be expected in the way of progressive legislation from a body that has been for months tied up in a dead-lock over a United States senatorial contest, in which neither conspicuous ability nor high principle has been in evidence. But the indirect gain must have been great. The timid will take heart; the doubters will read the handwriting on the wall. The kingdom of heaven, in this and other directions, comes not by much observation. This demonstration of moral earnestness and brain activity outreaches the "Functions" that contribute little to moral earnestness. Most men are at their minimum in the archaic swallow tails, and the spiritual power of woman is not enhanced by "merry widow" hats and directoire gowns. There is a sober implication, an ethical truth struck off in the playful skit by Wallace Irwin in *Collier's* for April 10, entitled, "Satan and the Suffragette: A Springtime Fantasy." We commend it to the serious study of the sisters in whose high quest we ever desire to join and with whose contentions we have profound and long lasting sympathy.

The Third Stage in the Development of the Soul

To the last Tolstoy preserves at least his splendid power of statement, born out of a clear conviction and penetrating insight. "My Three Stages of Life," which illumines the first reading page of *Collier's* Easter number, is more than a contribution to passing journalism; it is something that should and we believe will eventually find its way into the classics of the spiritual life. It belongs on the shelf which contains A Kempis, Taylor's Holy Living, Madame Guyon and the loftier aspirations of Channing, Emerson and Martineau.

In this analysis of his own life, the Peasant-Prince has been able to state clearly what is probably the true evolution of the spirit in all lives, although few have achieved it in the allotted space of earthly time with sufficient clearness to state it.

The first stage of a man's life he describes as a passion for personal pleasures. Eating, drinking, the merriment of games, hunting, female society, ambitions, vanity, make rich and full the life. This in his case reached until the first gray hairs, the thirtieth year, though he says others part with this period more rapidly.

Then comes the second period, when one thinks of the welfare of others, of man, of all humanity. In his case it was the stage of energetic work in the founding of elementary schools. With a terrible force he began to realize the vanity and emptiness of earthly life; religious sentiments became concentrated on the happiness of others and the accomplishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth. This aspiration filled his life as completely as did the first aspirations as to personal happiness.

But now comes the third stage. He feels within him a new phase, a new fountain of life, which contains both the aspiration to the happiness of humanity and personal happiness. It is something other than the perfecting of one's self, not even the race. He calls it "an inspiration to divine purity." But let Tolstoy speak for himself:

> This new foundation of life consists in keeping clean the good entrusted to us by God, in the beginning of a new life, in the aspiration to a better, higher life, and in being ready always for this better life. This aspiration begins to seize me more and more strongly. I feel that it fills me entirely, supplants all other desires, and makes life as rich as it was in the former periods.
>
> It may be that I have not made myself perfectly plain. But I feel it plainly. At the time when I had lost all interest in my personal, individual life, but had not yet acquired a religious interest (an aspiration to the general good of humanity), I was horrified by my position. But I found peace the moment I had found a religious sentiment impelling me to think of the good of humanity. In this thought, at the same time, I found full satisfaction of my desire for personal happiness.
>
> The same thing is going on now, although my former passionate desire to make mankind happier has weakened. I am overcome sometimes by a certain terror as if I stood before an immense abyss.
>
> But the aspiration to, and the preparation for, a new life replace the former conditions which they were born out of; and in them there is happiness both for the individual and for all humanity. Preparing for the new life, I attain at the same time my former aim, the good of humanity, more surely than when this was my only aim. Aspiring to attain God, aspiring to a purity of divine Being in myself and in my new life, I find more assuredly both happiness for humanity and for myself.
>
> And this is entirely without haste and without exhaustion, but with the joyful consciousness of a tranquil conscience.
>
> May God help me!

Not many lives can be divided into such distinct periods; not even Tolstoy's, according to his own statement, will stand this sharp division. For he tells us that the wish of the second stage "showed itself" in his earlier years. But do we not have here the ladder of piety, the rungs upon which the soul climbs to its God? These are the days of "big questions." The problems of tariff and free trade, labor and capital, peace and war, are the great problems which absorb the attention of philanthropists, moralists and religious teachers. It is well that it is so. But after all, these discussions do not relieve us from the responsibilities of the far greater questions, the larger problems of personal purity, individual loyalty, a cleaner life for men and a more modest life for women; questions of dress and fashion, the cup and the cigarette, the beer and tobacco habits, are absolutely fundamental in any permanent progress or high achievement of the soul. It is heart-breaking to find women parading under the banners of reform and progress in drapery that bespeaks the extravagance of money, the debauchery of art, the immolation of countless lives in producing, in the main, inartistic, always perishable and often gaudy stuffs. It is equally heart-breaking to find men assembling in the interest of ethics, laboring to elevate society to higher levels, in an atmosphere darkened by tobacco smoke and perhaps with brains more or less demoralized by the presence of that alcohol which first, last and all the time is

prejudicial to sanity and antagonistic to the sane life, physical, mental and spiritual. In so far as this thing enters the brain, its influence is malign, whether it finds its way through the beer mug, the little brown jug or the champagne bowl; whether it be drunk out of a tin cup or a Venetian wine glass; whether the pipe be a corn-cob or a meerschaum.

Perhaps these words may seem to be introducing an anti-climax to the high sentences of Tolstoy. These things in and of themselves are trifles; it can be clearly shown how many excellent lives, noble men and women, carry these indulgences along with them.

But may it not be that this excellency is achieved in spite of, not on account of, these indulgences? They are handicaps in the race. And when this third passion of the ethical life, spoken of by Tolstoy, as an "inspiration to divine purity" comes, the hunger for a spiritual consistency, a life of God in body and soul becomes the condition of peace, the witness of religion, then there will be a determination to eliminate the intruders, to simplify the life.

Not to try to force the words of Tolstoy out of their meaning, may we not trace three stages in the history of religion, verifiable in the biographies of the noble as well as in the development of ecclesiastical institutions, the religious co-operations of men? There is a theological stage; then a period of helpfulness, co-operation, civic uplift. Is there another stage, not antagonistic to but higher and including these,—a passion for a clean life and a consistent practice; a desire to begin now and here the heavenly life, which always must have in it an element of renunciation.

There is place for the thinker, but the philanthropist, the reformer, must come to build on the thinking; and the saint, the pure man, the white soul, crown it all with the holy life. Does the experience of Tolstoy justify this program?

Correspondence

United States Brewers' Association,
109 & 111 East 15th Street,
New York, April 9, 1909.

Editor Unity, Boston, Mass. (Sic!)

Dear Sir: I have just received, in a plain envelope, from Rosslindale, Boston, a portion of your publication of March 25, containing Joseph H. Crooker's article on "Brewers as Friends of the Bible." It would be futile to engage in controversy with one who writes so intemperately, but I take the liberty of requesting you to correct the misstatement upon which Mr. Crooker's article is based. He says: "The editors of religious papers are receiving an 'Appeal' issued 'To the Ministers of America' by 'The Model License League' (which spells 'United States Brewers' Association')." I do not know what is his source of information. Will you please, however, state for us that the United States Brewers' Association has absolutely no connection with the Model License League, directly or indirectly? Without impugning the motives of Mr. Gilmore, the President of the Model License League, I very much question his method, and feel strongly that the Bible should be left out of the discussion of this much vexed question of the liquor problem. We certainly can agree on this much, at least, that neither the Prophets, the Apostles nor the religious teachers and moralists of any age have approved an intemperate use of anything that the Creator has made. There are many things which are injurious to us, if we use them immoderately, that are neither sanctioned nor prohibited in the Scriptures.

Yours very respectfully,
Hugh F. Fox, *Secretary.*

A Bell for a Free Church in Switzerland

To the Editor of Unity, Chicago.

Sir:

My little parish of Lu, which is perched on the mountain side between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea, in the Romanish part of the Swiss Grisons, has decided to put an end to a long period of humiliation and self-denial by adding to its steeple the bell for which it was built. All these decades Lu has made shift with one small and quite inadequate tinkler. Every American who has visited Switzerland must have been impressed with the large part played by the church bells in the daily life of the people. Those who have not yet made a European tour can gain an idea of what bells mean to us by reading Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

Every summer hundreds of Americans drive past my house in Fuldera, and over the pass which lies in my parish of Cierfs, on their way between Bormis or the Tyrol and the Engadine. But I do not appeal merely to them. Almost all the Protestant clergy of this canton belong to the school of thought which we call Freisinnig, and you call Unitarian. I shall be very glad to receive contributions to our bell-fund from American Unitarians who care to send us a token of fellowship in our common Christian freedom. There will be a special appropriateness, too, and a special grace, in gifts coming from the mightiest republic the world has seen to this tiny republic of ours, which is nevertheless the original type, in modern history, of republican freedom and a federal constitution.

We want five hundred dollars. Contributions may be sent in the form of crossed cheques, or by way of money order through the postoffice, payable to me, or to "Pfarrant Lu, Fuldera, Switzerland."

Yours,
E. W. Lummis, Pfarrer.

Fuldera, 16 February, 1909.

O LITTLE SHIP

O little ship that rocked the wave,
Bound for the Cyprian shore,
Rare hostage to the world you gave
In him whose life you bore.

The favoring winds blew for his sake,
The sea forgot to moan;
While brightly following in your wake
The trailing waters shone.

Your keel cut but a narrow thread
Along the liquid blue;
Yet gallant ships sail where you led,
To a like mission true.

And in them noble men have gone
To tell God's love for all;
Your name is lost—but you sail on,
Because you carried Paul!

Clifton Springs, N. Y. Helen A. Hawley.

THE PULPIT

Immortality

You have heard the story of Santa Theresa,—how she prayed for a cup of water in the one hand and a torch in the other, that with the one she might quench the fires of hell and with the other burn up the glories of heaven so that man might learn to do right for its own sake. I agree with Santa Theresa. The hope of heaven seems just as ignoble to me as the fear of hell. The brave, noble attitude of mind, as I think, is that of absolute and complete trust in God, the Eternal Goodness, the Infinite Love. We may *know* that all is for the best. We may find full scope for our intensest feeling, thinking, doing, here, now. We may and should be wholly unconcerned for the future,—free from the fear of hell, free—I say it in all earnestness—from the hope of heaven.

We people of the liberal faith are pledged to the open mind. We recognize the fact that every question is an open question; that in this wonderful universe there is always the possibility of finding a new viewpoint from which old and familiar facts and truths will appear in a new light. There is always the possibility of a new statement, broader, deeper, fuller than any that has gone before. We believe that the laws of the Infinite and Omnipotent Wisdom, God, govern in all the affairs of this world, and that every ideal which appeals to the hearts and consciences of men must, of necessity, contain something of truth. We believe that we, each one of us, no matter what his years, has a duty to learn, to grow, to advance. We recognize that these bodies of ours are clearly finite. There is a limit to the physical development to which we may attain. Few people ever reach the maximum of possible physical development; but there is a maximum. Sandow could lift far more than most men; but there were weights which Sandow could not lift. We recognize that this equipment of heart and lungs, of bones and sinews and muscles is clearly and definitely finite. Its efficiency is limited. There comes a time to the man who lives the normal life when this physical equipment, in some one or more of its members, gives way; swiftly or slowly, as the case may be, the body declines to death. The brain is just a part of the body. It is subject to the same physical laws as those which govern the heart and the biceps. Its method of growth, of acquiring strength and power, is not so gross as that of the muscles,—the brain is finer and more subtile,—but exactly as the other parts of the body, the brain is finite. It may hold its power and strength up to the time of dissolution. Death may come through the failure of some other part of the body and find the brain still in its prime; but, ordinarily, the one who has reached old age is conscious of the fact that his brain is not the quick, ready, and efficient tool it once was. Second childhood, the name we give to the weakened condition of the brain which old age so often brings, comes to most people who reach advanced years. So then, this body of ours, bone and muscle and brain,—all is finite and subject to dissolution.

Is there anything else about us? Are we anything more than these bodies? So far as we can see or touch, so far as we can discover by any of the five senses, there is nothing else. But most of us believe that there is something else. Most of us believe, feel that we know better than we know any other fact, that we are something more than and superior to our bodies. The fact that we talk about them as *our* bodies, that we recognize hands and feet, heart and brain as *ours,* not us,—all this is evidence of our belief in ourselves, a something that can own and use and control these bodies. We, this something more, assert our existence. We can't define, we can't describe, we can't explain; but we are very sure of the fact. For the sake of convenience we call this something more the soul, the ego.

Most of us, I think, have been in the habit of identifying the soul with individuality, or personality. Talk with the next man you meet, who is willing to talk on philosophical subjects, and you will find, I think, that he identifies his personality, his individuality, his soul with himself. For convenience, perhaps from necessity of speech, he says my soul, my personality, myself; but they all mean to him just the same,—the Latin *ego* and the English capital letter I express it.

It would seem that the higher the stage of intellectual, moral, and spiritual development, the more clearly does man distinguish the difference between his body and himself. Among savages and primitive races the body is more or less clearly identified with the ego. Civilized man recognizes benefits and injuries to himself which do not in any way directly affect the body. The savage seldom, comparatively, does this. Going down the scale of animal life below man we find the body and the ego more and more closely identified.

Going on down into the realm of plant life,—and this, remember, is life, and evidence of life-force just as truly as animal life,—we find a form of life which seems to lack any consciousness of individuality. The tree is just as distinctly an individual as the dog or the man; but we have discovered no evidence of self-consciousness. A carrot is as truly an individual as a cat; but in the matter of self-consciousness they are very different.

In the plant, then, we find life-force. In the plant we find individuality, personality. But in the plant we find, apparently, no self-consciousness. The brain, it is generally agreed, is the organ of self-consciousness and soul-consciousness. The plant has no brain. It is unaware of its own individuality, unaware of the life-force which permeates it and develops it into an individual. In the animal we find life-force; and, even in the lowest forms of animal life, we find the beginnings of a brain, a nervous system. In the higher animals below man we find a very well developed brain, and also, I think, what may be quite properly termed self-consciousness. An intelligent dog or horse recognizes his own individuality; but we have no evidence, so far as I can see, that the most intelligent of the lower animals has ever risen to soul-consciousness. It seems to me improbable that any of the lower animals has ever become conscious of the fact that he has been integrated, individualized through the operation of this life-force. In man we find working the same integrating, individualizing life-force that produced the oak tree and the dog. In man we find the best developed brain. In man we find self-consciousness,—a clear recognition of individuality, personality. And in the most intelligent men we find soul-consciousness,—a consciousness that there is a life-force at work in the universe; that individuality has come through the working of that life-force; and that man and every other individual has something of that life-force within himself.

The universe, then, studying it along these lines, appears something like this; inorganic nature shows nothing that may properly be termed individual or personal; with the plant enters upon our view the life-force, bringing individuality, personality; with the animal comes the brain, bringing consciousness of personality; with the highly developed brain capacity, as found in the most intelligent men, comes soul-consciousness, which not only recognizes the existence of this life-force, but recognizes the identity of the life-force of the universe with the ego. This is the attitude of mind of the man who says, "I and my Father are one."

My own opinion is that the life-force is also the force behind the so-called lifeless,—that what we call dead, inert matter is just as truly permeated with this life-force as is the most highly developed brain. All of the phenomena that we see and hear and touch, the crass, material things of life, just as truly as the phenomena that appeal to the intellect,—all are just appearances;—the reality behind them all is soul, spirit, life-force, God.

But whether you go that far with me or not, you will, I think, agree that the plant has a clearly defined individuality, that the plant is clearly permeated with the life-force. Has the plant immortality?

Most of us, I think, accept the dictum of science that the material of which the plant is composed is indestructible. That word indestructible means immortal. What is everlasting is, in a proper sense, immortal. What is indestructible is everlasting. "But," you say, "it is not the plant that is indestructible, it is the material of which the plant is composed. The individuality of the plant is destroyed with its disintegration, and disappears forever." I agree with you. I think the individuality of the oak tree disappears forever when its wood finally disintegrates and goes back to the elements from which it came. But that is not all. There was never a moment, from the time when the acorn first fell to the ground to the time when the last vestige of the wood lost form and fell a crumbling mass,—never a moment when the individuality of the tree was identical with the individuality of the same tree during any preceding moment. Constantly, throughout all the years of its life, changes were going on. In its outward appearance, even, there were never any two days when it was exactly the same. Leaves and twigs and bark were never in exactly the same condition during any two days or any two moments of the oak's life. And in the internal economy of the tree, sap and fibre and cells maintained unceasing instability, never presenting in any two moments of the life of the tree exactly the same constituents or combinations. The individuality of an oak tree, of a rose, of every plant, is in constant flux. It begins its existence with the first act of integration, the first act whereby some particle of matter is separated from the common store and appropriated to this particular plant. With each moment of the life of the plant, this individuality is changing. During the years or months or days of its physical growth we can see this change. Science tells us with positive assurance that the change is going on just as steadily during the plant's maturity, when little if any change is observable by the eye. As disintegration, dissolution approaches, the change again becomes marked. When final and complete dissolution comes, the individuality has disappeared. Before the first act of integration this particular individuality did not exist. After the last act of dissolution this particular individuality has ceased to exist. This is not the fanciful dream of a poet; this is a simple statement of facts well known and thoroughly authenticated by science.

Well! how about the soul of the rose, the life-force which took oxygen and nitrogen and carbon and what other elements were necessary and blended them into the beauty of shape and color, the sweetness of odor which greeted us in the rose? Has that disappeared utterly with the passing of the rose's individuality? I cannot think so. To my thinking, that life-force is inherent in the elements. As the elements appear to us in their common forms they seem inert, lifeless. We look at carbon as it stands revealed in a diamond or a piece of graphite. We say it is lifeless. It is certainly lacking in the individuality of a plant or an animal. But philosophic chemistry tells us that it is not a dormant mass, that it is composed of infinitesimal particles called atoms or electrons which are in a constant state of activity. Must we suppose that there is no life excepting that which we have been able to apprehend,—plant and animal life? Physics tells us that there is sound which our ears cannot hear,—below our range, and above our range. Ignorance denies that the footsteps of a fly may be heard, but a microphone reveals them. The telescope widened the universe. The microscope did the same. By the use of the X-ray we see things that our forefathers thought invisible. Why should we assume that the activity of the life force, spirit, God, is confined within the narrow realms of plant and animal life, the narrow realms in which our meager human equipment discovers it? Such an assumption seems to me wholly unwarranted. Frankly, I do not understand how the life-force, God, is working in a piece of coal or a piece of clay; and just as little do I understand how it is working in your brain or mine. I do not understand, I cannot explain. I have never seen or heard of a man who did understand or could explain. And yet we believe in that life-force; we are conscious that it is working within ourselves. Assuming that it does exist; that it does work through us; that we, the ego, the reality, are in and of that life-force, I cannot escape the conclusion that all other appearances, animal and plant, solid granite and nebulous fire-mist,—all are in and of the same Reality, Life-force, God.

We have reached the conclusion that the individuality of a plant begins with the beginning of the plant's growth, changes with the days and years of the plant's life, disintegrates and disappears with the plant's dissolution. Is it different with an animal? The life of the animal is prefigured in the life of the plant. Today no individuality exists. Its possibility lies dormant in the seminal principles of the parents. Tomorrow those seminal principles have mingled and the wonderful, mysterious, utterly inexplicable fact of a developing individuality exists. There is never a moment in the life of the embryo when its individuality is not changing, expanding. The embryonic life of an animal is plant-like in its character. The embryo is unconscious of personality; it occupies a fixed place; it exercises no will power in the selection of its nutriment. Then that wonderful fact of birth comes. Immediately the development of self-consciousness begins. With self-consciousness comes self-will. The day-old infant has little individuality. In a month he has changed; in a year he is a person. The change is rapid. The individuality, personality of the year-old baby is a very different affair from what it was when he was only a day old. Traits, characteristics, peculi-

arities are developing. The boy of five promises some things that the boy of ten does not realize. The boy of fifteen has developed powers that were not suspected in the boy of ten. The individuality, personality, character of a child changes with every day, hour, moment. We do not recognize the processes of the change. We awaken to the fact at the end of a year or five years, and discover that the child we are dealing with is something quite different from the docile dependent of a few years back. The process goes on throughout life. Ten, twenty, thirty years transform a man into something which the wisest could not have forseen. Thirty-odd years ago, Theodore Roosevelt, a sickly, spindling youth, was hunting, for game and for health, in the forests of Aroostook. Was the individuality of the boy then the individuality of the man now? The individuality of the animal, of the man, just as the individuality of the plant, is in constant flux. It is ever changing. You and I know old men whom we knew ten, twenty, thirty years ago. They are not what they were. They do not stand, now, for the same principles they stood for then; they do not stand with the same firmness. Their personality is not the same as it was. Two years ago no violets bloomed in your garden. Last year you planted them and their beauty and fragrance blessed your summer. This year they are gone. Their individuality was not, and was, and is not. Sixty years ago the name of my friend was unknown; no such person existed. Twenty-five years ago I knew him and loved him and was blessed by the nobility of his life. Today his name lingers in the memory of his friends;—he is gone. His individuality, like that of the violets, was not, and was, and is not. So, I think, it has been with every man. So, I think, it will be with you and me.

Individuality, then, personality seems to me something which pertains to and is circumscribed by this material body of ours which has been integrated from the common mass of the elements. But we have agreed that all of us have a consciousness that we are something more than our bodies. Even the materialist who denies this speaks of his body, his brain, his personality, and, in so doing, refutes his denial. We are conscious of the ego. We know our own existence better than we know anything else. We have been taught to think that the ego and our personality, individuality were one and the same. This seems to me untrue. I think that the real ego, the real you and the real me, while it has reached self-consciousness and soul-conciousness by means of our personalities,—the real ego is a portion of the life-force, a breath of the holy spirit, a spark of the divine fire, a very part of the eternal God,—immortal. You, the real you, is not bound up with your body. You, the real you, is a part of God. Through and by means of body and brain and individuality and this strange and utterly inexplicable mystery of life, you have reached, or may reach, self-consciousness and soul-consciousness. You have been and are allowed to strive toward righteousness. You have been and are allowed to spend your days in trying to realize, make real, your own highest ideals. The why and wherefore, the whence and the whither of all this strange mystery of life is utterly beyond my power to understand. I do not know why we are here. I do not know whence we came. I do not know whither we are going. I have become absolutely convinced that it does not concern me to know. I do know that my own ego, the God within me, demands of me righteous conduct. I do know that there is no true peace for me, no true satisfaction and serenity excepting in the consciousness that I am faithfully striving toward righteousness. And I believe that these laws of my being, which I have discovered through years of mistakes and suffering, are the laws of your being. I believe that we are brothers,—of one flesh, and of one spirit.

These muscles of ours will lose their elasticity; these joints will grow stiff. These brains of ours may fail us. We'll do all that seems right to keep this bodily equipment sound and vigorous. We'll keep the open mind. We'll believe

> "That all of good the past hath had
> Remains to make our own time glad."

We'll look for new truth. We'll try to live our today wisely, nobly. We will trust God and fear nothing. And we will remember, through every conscious moment of our lives, that we are divine, that we are from and of God, that *we cannot* die.

> "The future hides in it
> Gladness and sorrow;
> We press still thorow,
> Naught that abides in it
> Daunting us,—onward.
>
> "And solemn before us,
> Veiled, the dark Portal,
> Goal of all mortal;—
> Stars silent rest o'er us,
> Graves under us silent.
>
> "While earnest thou gazeth,
> Comes boding of terror,
> Come phantasm and error,
> Perplexes the bravest
> With doubt and misgiving.
>
> "But heard are the Voices,—
> Heard are the Sages,
> The Worlds and the Ages:
> 'Choose well, your choice is
> Brief and yet endless;
>
> "Here eyes do regard you
> In Eternity's stillness;
> Here is all fulness,
> Ye brave, to reward you;
> Work and despair not.'"

Presque Isle, Maine. EDWIN G. BROWN.

What Constitutes True Religion?

True religion is, in its highest sense, the relation between the human soul and its Creator. It is a primal inherent instinct of the human soul. It is God in man,—a portion of his own divinity relegated to the human, making man one with his Creator, one with the Universal. And this intimate relationship, this unity of the soul with the Creator, gives to man the inestimable privilege of direct communion with his Maker, without intervention of man, priest or institution. The denial of this freedom to the individual has, in the past, been the cause of innumerable controversies and untold persecution and bloodshed. But the dawn of a new day is at hand when religion is taking on a newer and deeper meaning that it ever before possessed.

Would Jesus, the founder of Christianity, have recognized the religion of love and humility that he taught, in the Roman hierarchical institution in existence a few centuries after his birth and death? Would he who taught that all mankind were brethren, and that love was the fulfilment of the law, recognize in the Christian Church of today, the truths he expounded to his little band of disciples? Would he not rather find that even here in his sanctuary, in the Holy of Holies dedicated to his service, that greed, avarice and desire for power held the largest place? Would

he even recognize the institution of which he was the corner-stone?

Think of the impositions that all these centuries have been practiced on the credulous in the name of religion by men who believed that to them was given a special revelation from God, and that all of truth was committed to their keeping. And do we not still, in a measure, experience the old Romanish intolerance of heresy in our Prostestant churches? That intolerance that has been the bane of free religious thought all the centuries, and a dead weight on the human soul. And if, here and there, one has broken away from the established church and dared to assert the freedom of the soul within, the Inquisition, in its milder form, has been enforced.

But in this age of progress, mankind are awakening to the fact of their divine birthright. They are discovering as truth that God did not at one time give all of truth to the world. That it is not to the priest and prophet alone that he has revealed himself, but that to each human soul he has relegated a portion of his own divinity; that each may find truth for himself, if he will but earnestly seek it.

Do you say that religion is in danger if this sentiment becomes universal? Is truth ever in danger because of investigation? If it cannot bear the searchlight of scientific investigation, is it truth? Too long the Christian Church has been afraid of investigation. It is time to turn on the searchlight and separate the true from the false. Not a grain of truth will be lost, but the chaff alone will fall out in the siftings. In this day of universal education, man is learning to think for himself, and the churches may as well awake to that fact, and avoid the danger of scepticism which they are courting, by giving to their congregations, instead of worn out dogmas and traditions, the truth, that religion and life are one—that religion and the truths of science are in accord, because religion is the highest truth,—a truth that recognizes both the transcendent and immanent essence of the ever present and ever-living God, and makes him the life of all creation. Religion does not consist of creeds, ceremonies and sacerdotal robes. These are only the husks. It is the one thing that is real, the eternal verity of life.

True religion is deeper than creeds, ceremonies and institutions. Remove all churches and religious institutions, you would still have the kernel of religion in the heart of man, the recognition by the soul of its Creator. In its truest and highest sense, the Man of Nazareth was cognizant of the relation of the human soul to God, and if mankind, through the centuries intervening since his birth and death, could have kept in closer touch with him, we would be nearer the consummation of all good today.

But God works slowly, and we can see a purpose in the process of the religious evolution working adown through the centuries. The religious experience of man at the beginning of the Christian era was in a comparatively crude state and his condition barbarous, compared with our present age. Little by little, he had to learn by experience. And the Middle Ages, with all of their barbarity, were a part of his education. During those dark days, the little spark of truth kindled by the lowly Nazarene seemed to be entirely extinguished. But God guarded it. It lived here and there in the hearts of his children, and when it seemed the darkest, and Romish superstition and intolerance were at their worst, it revived. And not all the horrors of Rome's Inquisition could quench it. It revived with a purpose in the hearts of men like Luther and Melanchthon. It was the eternal desire of truth for expression that gave these men power to defy Rome and all her papal bulls. They were men produced by the necessity of the times, and the truth of their views was, it is true, colored by their own narrow environment and the light from within, but still it was a step onward in the evolution of religion. Calvin, Knox and other earnest men of their times, narrow and bigoted though they were, each marked an advance in the evolving of religious freedom and paved the way for future progress.

It appears to have been a law in the history of the growth of man that one extreme should follow another; a wave of progression is followed by a wave of retrogression,—the pendulum swinging forward, then backward. But standing in the right perspective, one sees that it has never swung quite so far backward as before, but that at each advance, a notch upward is marked in human progress.

The marked tendency of religious growth in the present age, as in political growth, is toward freedom,—freedom of the individual human soul, the right of the individual to think for himself and form his own conclusions, irrespective of the intervention of priest and creed. The difficulty in the past has been that we have limited God. We have put him outside of the world of which he is the life. The entire universe is an expression of God; of his thought for his children.

Shall we then be afraid of the extinction of religion, when religion is life; when it is in the heart of every flower that lifts its head to the sun; in the tiny blade of grass, in the drop of dew; in the rivulet that flows; in the breezes of the morning; yea, when all the universe is an embodiment of its creator?

But deeper than all externalities, true religion is in the heart of his children. And as long as there is in the heart of man the germ of love; as long as his heart responds with sympathy toward a suffering brother; so long as in his inmost soul, he loves honor, truth and righteousness, we need not fear the extinction of religion. Our conception of God has, indeed, been too small. We have been unwilling to trust the universe of his creation into his own hands. Because men will not think our way and do as we think they should do, we sagely conclude the world is going to destruction and religion coming to naught. We read into God our own finite minds, forgetting that each era, age and decade of human history has each had its allotted part in molding the life of man and in evolving a perfect whole.

And can we not trust the great heart of the Universal Father, whose infinite patience and loving care we see in all his works? Can we not trust him to look after the children of his creation? Can we not believe that he who has planted a portion of his own divinity in each human soul, will water it and cause it to grow, and that in his own time and in his own way, he will bring all mankind into a knowledge of his love?

LILLIAN B. MILLARD.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Death of Mrs. C. S. Udell

Many of the readers of UNITY are familiar with the constructive and enthusiastic work of Mr. C. S. Udell, of Grand Rapids, President of the Michigan State Unitarian Conference, and a director of the Western Conference. Many have met him at Conference meetings, usually in company with his charming wife, Marietta Udell, and all who have come to

know Mrs. Udell will be pained to learn of her death which occurred on April 6, after a distressing illness of some three months.

Mrs. Udell was a woman of unusual personal charm and possessed of a natural optimism and high spirits which always made companionship with her a delight. Liberal preachers from all over the country have enjoyed the hospitality of the Udell home, and must have appreciated that it was a privilege indeed. Mrs. Udell exalted the functions of the housekeeper and home-maker into an art and a religion, and though she had wide and vital interests in many of the forward movements of the day, yet, as one of her friends said, "She was always most at home in her home," and it is as the presiding genius of this rare home that she will be longest and most helpfully remembered.

The last services were held at the home, 354 Crescent Avenue, on the afternoon of April 8. The Rev. Joseph P. McCarthy, pastor of the People's Church, of Kalamazoo, officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. B. Bard, of the church of Our Father of Grand Rapids, the Rev. Mr. Wishart, pastor of the Fountain Street Baptist Church of the same city, and the Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo. The flowers chosen by the family surrounded the casket, and the absence of the customary ostentatious and smothering display—omitted by request—was gratefully noted. The burial was private. Mr. Udell is supported by his son and daughter who hurried to him from the East on having news of his bereavement. Miss Udell will remain for the present with her father. C. B. C.

Prof. Henry Burton Sharman of University of Chicago on the Gospels

IDEAS OF INSTRUCTOR IN NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY OUTLINED IN SUMMARY.

Prof. Henry Burton Sharman, instructor in New Testament history and literature at the University of Chicago, is the author of a book entitled "The Teaching of Jesus About the Future, According to the Synoptic Gospels," which comes from the press of the university today. The following is an official summary of the more important chapters of the book:

"Matthew and Luke were not produced by eye witnesses but by men who utilized written material already in existence. Within each of the gospels older documents have been incorporated. These documents vary much in form and content.

"It is found on examination that these documents differ from one another in their representation of the course of events and in their report of the sayings of Jesus. Comparison shows that in many cases the reports have been affected by the thoughts of the age in which they were produced. This has resulted in the misrepresentation of what Jesus said.

"The sayings of Jesus about the future have naturally suffered by these processes, perhaps more than his sayings on any other subject.

"In addition to using old documents, indeed, because they were dependent upon these documents, Matthew and Luke supply material editorially, especially Matthew, and this editorial material is of a marked character and open to grave suspicion.

"Much of this editorial material has to do with sayings about the future. This results in Jesus being credited with views about the future which are in reality the views of the men who, as editors of the gospels, combined older documents about Jesus.

"It seems clear that the sayings that portray hell and future torments are not from Jesus. Where heaven is treated in the gospels as a place, the saying has undergone modification or expansion.

"Practically all the passages in the synoptic gospels that sketch the day of judgment, and they are many and lengthy, can be shown by comparative study to be non-genuine utterances. Jesus as judge and the twelve as judges are ideas found only in suspicious passages.

"Jesus is credited with explanations of the meaning of his parables. For the most part these, even when they are detailed expositions, are not, it seems, the product of Jesus, but of his early followers, who generally misunderstood his meaning.

"Jesus is frequently credited with promising that he would return to the earth in glory and power. These are ideas fastened upon him by his disciples, for which he is not responsible.

"Jesus is said to have asserted that the end of the world would come before the generation to whom he spoke had passed away. Elsewhere in the same gospels it is reported that he predicted that the gospel would have to be preached in the whole world before the end would come. Neither of these contradictory assertions is from him; they are both editorial products, one written by the man who put Matthew together from certain written sources, the other inserted by some later hand at work upon Matthew.

"References in the gospels to 'the church' are few, and these few are in passages not found in the original documents, but rather in editorial passages which seem to have been added to support current views and practices of the church.

"The synoptic gospels give no support to the belief that Jesus instituted the Lord's supper or the rite of baptism. Apparent support occurs only in passages that were added later to the records of the more original documents.

"All the evidence seems to place grave doubt upon the report that Jesus gave an explicit commission to his disciples to go into all the world and preach the gospel.

"These passages in which Jesus is reputed to have asserted that he would be present with his disciples after he had left the earth are apparently not from Jesus, but are the expression of the experiences of the disciples, and these experiences may be otherwise explained than due to Jesus.

"In the synoptic gospels there are several strata of material: 1. What Jesus probably said. 2. What the earliest editors of the gospels thought he said or would like to represent him as saying. 3. What later editors thought it best to represent him as saying."—*From the Chicago Tribune.*

This is the divinest task of men today—to aid in the disclosure of the divine in the depraved; to pour the sunshine of sympathy upon the slime of sinfulness, that the lily-root of purity may awaken and put forth its beauty; to hail every man as the child of God, and then to stand by him until he has attained unto the privileges and powers of his high estate. The time has come when man must fling off the disguise of depravity that he has been taught to believe was his native garb, and stand forth, a spiritual soul, in all the potential power and purity of the divine. This is the truth transcendent in importance; this is the privilege paramount; this is the task imperative.—*Rev. C. W. Casson.*

The Watch Tower

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

Action and Reaction in Turkey.

For a week or more we have read in the public prints despatches—more or less incoherent—relative to the internecine struggle now going on in Turkey between the conservative and the radical elements. Reports are conflicting, the news bears the unmistakable mark of the censor, and the true state of affairs is hard to get at, but this much is probably so: The old Turkish party, the fanatical reactionaries, are making their first organized attempt since the constitutional, or quasi-constitutional, form of government was adopted last summer, to overthrow the "young Turks," the radical and progressive party, and to restore the former monarchical regime. Temporary success seems to have attended their activities in Constantinople, where a new cabinet has succeeded the old. The indications are that the anti-Christian movement that has swept over Asia Minor coincidently with the revolution at the Capitol was inspired by the reactionary party. Accounts of this movement, though meager, are horrifying. Adana, Tarsus, Alexandretta, Messina and other cities of Asia Minor have been the scenes of fiendish Mohammedan atrocities. The murder of American missionaries has been confirmed, and the lives of foreigners are in jeopardy. The Powers are aroused, and are expected to send warships to ports near the affected districts. The latest reports are to the effect that the radical party is organizing outside of Constantinople and will shortly undertake to regain its prestige. Turkish politics is in a state of flux. Disaffection, distrust, uncertainty prevail. Assailed by foes within and without, and confronted by the indignant Powers, the Sultan's position is precarious. As we write it is rumored that he will shortly abdicate. The probable outcome will be a victory for the new party, and the re-establishment of a constitutional government on even broader lines than before, but at terrific cost.

Castro.

To be a man without a country is a curse that no man desires to have visited upon himself. Doubtless the ex-President of Venezuela would have avoided this curse could he have done so. As it is, however, the curse rests upon him, and the world smiles. There was no spot on American soil, North or South, where Castro might land. England, France, Holland refused him the Antilles. His own countrymen would none of him, and now he fares to Europe facing an uncertain reception and an inglorious future. A hard fate, perhaps, but not undeserved. The civilizations which he has defied and insulted are getting even, and the blood of his victims in Venezuela is being avenged.

Municipal Court Growth.

We do not attempt to pass upon the merits of the proposition now before the Illinois legislature to grant an expansion of function to the Chicago Municipal Court. The court has asked for a grand jury system and for an appellate division, the establishing of which would considerably enlarge the scope and the power of the Municipal Court. It would make it coordinate with the Circuit, Superior and Criminal Courts, it is said. An attachment to the proposed measure is the proviso that the question shall be submitted to the people of Chicago at the coming June judicial election. In case the bill should pass, there ought to be a general discussion in the Chicago press pro and con, in order that the voters may do their duty intelligently. At first glance it would seem that enlarging the sphere of influence of our Municipal Court system would be in line with the avowed policy of the present Administration, to do all in its power to expedite judicial procedures, and prevent litigation "jams."

Baseball.

The opening of the Baseball season last week aided largely in substantiating the popular impression that the out-of-door season is at hand. For five months and more we shall list to the song of the bat, hear exploited the wonderful deeds of the "Cubs," "Tigers," "Doves" and other varieties in the vertiginous vocabulary of the sporting reporter, and give ourselves over more or less to the seductive influences of our national fever. The hold the game has on us, high and low, is little short of universal. The fact that it is a sport pretty generally clean and fair makes it a worthy outlet for our pent-up enthusiasm. P. S. W.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—A fine grained man treads the aisle of a cathedral as softly as any Romanist. He despises no incense, he sneers at no idol.

MON.—There is wonderful light-generating power in good conduct.

TUES.—Reason requires that you kneel at some altar, that you confess in some real way your belief in the "communion of saints."

WED.—There is no real road to success but through a clear and strong purpose.

THURS.—Purpose underlies character, culture, attainment of whatever sort.

FRI.—Every man should love his work; it should be both an inspiration and a trade.

SAT.—I place good citizenship among the fundamental aims. A hearty practical interest in the state alone can make one strong and large.

—*Theodore Munger.*

A Wayside Seed.

One would not dare to say how much Mrs. Capen paid the musician for playing at her reception; it was some fabulous sum, but, as she remarked, one must furnish entertainment, and this pianist was all the rage. When the first notes of the instrument rang out there was a hush for a moment in the brilliant rooms, then the buzz and the chatter went on with renewed vigor. The pianist's heavy eyebrows came together in a scowl, but he presently forgot himself in the joy of his creation.

Hannah White had been scrubbing for Mrs. Capen that day. It was late in the evening when she left the house. As she passed the open windows of the reception-room the music burst upon her in all its thrilling beauty.

Hannah dropped on the grass in the shadow of a shrub. She was in no haste to get home; Jim was sure to be cross. It was not easy living with a man who had a temper. Hannah had about made up her mind to go back to her mother's. Jim could get along somehow. If he should miss her, so much the better; it would only serve him right.

"Life's hard on poor folks," thought Hannah, as she leaned her tired head against the piazza and listened.

At first the gay music came unmeaningly to her ears; then it deepened into fuller, richer tones.

"If there was only something real, like that!" sighed Hannah, out in the dark.

Suddenly the whole movement changed; a plaintive note crept in and grew into a wistful strain, which rose and fell with yearning tenderness, bringing a strange pain to Hannah's heart. She forgot everything but the longing of those searching notes. Then the sadness lost itself in a glad, sure chord, and the music stopped.

"Why," said Hannah, aloud, sitting up straight, "I didn't know I cared for Jim *that* way!"

The next day Mrs. Capen said it was money wasted to have music at a reception. Nobody ever listened to it. The musician thought so, too, only it was the music, not the money, he considered as thrown away. But Hannah sang over her wash-tub, and looked so like old sweet-heart days that Jim kissed her and called her "old girl," as he used to do.

"Not all that seems to fail has failed indeed. What though the seed be cast by the wayside and the birds take it? Yet the birds are fed."—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE GENEVA BRANCH OF THE SWISS PEACE SOCIETY.—But a small part of the men and women of Chicago are yet aware that the Second National Peace Congress in this country is to be held in our city at so near a date as the first week in May. It would seem that some pretty energetic advertising will have to be done in the time remaining if results are to be obtained at all commensurate with the hopes and the efforts of its promoters.

The Swiss Peace Society met in Geneva the 22nd of February and March 1st—Washington's birthday, by the way, is a favorite day in other lands for Peace meetings and demonstrations.—With a view to a permanent propaganda, the committee had prepared an attractive poster to be displayed at the headquarters of clubs and societies, in hotels, boarding-houses, etc. Members of other than Peace societies were asked to suggest to the president appropriate and desirable places for the display of this poster.

The Geneva section of the Peace society comprise nearly a thousand members. It publishes for the whole of Romance Switzerland, *La Paix*, which it has made a family paper and issues in editions of 3,000 copies. Eight lectures have been given the past year under its auspices, by lecturers from Paris, Neuchatel, and elsewhere, and all were well attended.

While a small deficit was reported on the paper, *La Paix*, the general financial report showed so comfortable a balance in the treasury that an appropriation of 300 francs, to be distributed over three years, was made for the purchase of slides and apparatus for the giving of illustrated lectures. The following resolutions were passed to be transmitted to the Permanent International Peace Bureau at Bern:

"The Geneva branch of the Swiss Peace Society, now numbering nearly a *thousand* members, energetically protests against the maintenance of the principle of force in this era of enlightenment and progress, when governments vie with one another in proclaiming the benefits of peace.

"It denounces as immoral the transfer of any territory, by treaty or otherwise, from one power to another without full opportunity having been given to the peoples affected by the transfer to freely express their will in regard to it and to give their consent.

"The Geneva section also believes that a just and humane policy in the treatment of native tribes on the outskirts of civilization, would gradually do away with the necessity of making war upon them and hence of engaging in pernicious and, above all, barbarous expeditions."

Annual membership in this very flourishing society costs but one franc (20 cents) a year, with the journal two francs; life membership, including *La Paix*, 20 francs. Will not Chicago do well in organizing the live local Peace Society, which it is hoped will be one of the direct and lasting results of the forthcoming Congress, to take a hint from this and keep the dues so low as to make its Peace Society a great popular organization which may both educate the masses and give them a medium of expressing their will on such questions as these, instead of a body consisting mainly of the elite? M. E. H.

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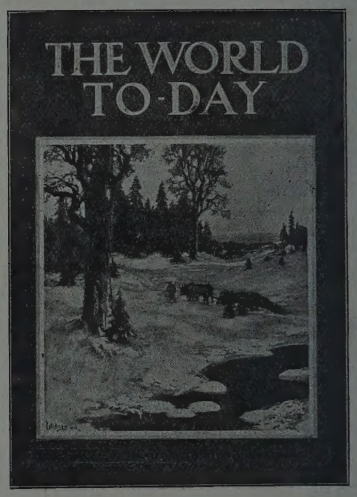

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